



"GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN."

No. 1, Vol. I.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1858.

[ONE PENNY.]

OUR PROSPECTUS.

The present is the first number of a new WEEKLY Paper, price ONE PENNY, under the title of the *Two Worlds*. It will contain a Synopsis of the General News of the week, foreign and domestic, political, religious, and commercial. In politics, it will be perfectly independent of party influence. All questions will be treated with impartiality, as viewed from a Christian stand-point.

The *Two Worlds* will be devoted to the free ventilation of all matters relating to the well-being of man. It will contain leading articles on the Physical, Scientific, Mental, Moral, and Religious questions of the age, irrespective of creeds. As a family paper, nothing will be admitted into its columns which can offend against propriety or morality.

One department of the *Two Worlds* will be devoted to the review of new works, the Editor pledging himself to give an honest notice of every book sent for that purpose.

Physiology, Dietetics, and Medicine, embracing the application of Allopathy, Hydropathy, Homœopathy, Botany, Biology, Clairvoyance, and Mesmerism to the healing art; Temperance, Maine-Lawism, Vegetarianism, and all matters relating to the Science of Human Life, will find a place in the *Two Worlds*.

Another department of the *Two Worlds* will be a novelty in literature—we shall allow any one to attack our sentiments, the only qualifications we require being the ability to write a sensible letter, or article, and the good temper and feeling to do it in a gentlemanly spirit.

With this number, is commenced a NEW WINTER TALE, founded on fact, entitled "THE ENGLISH EMIGRANTS," or, Troubles of Life on both sides of the Atlantic, by PAUL BETTERS, late of New York, America. Being a Romance of Real Life, it abounds with thrilling, yet truthful incidents in the career of persons now living, and is full of important information for intending Emigrants.

The friends of truth and progress can aid the *Two Worlds* in three ways, First by circulating our window bills, prospectus, and small hand-bills among Booksellers, News Agents, and in letters, &c., to their own private friends.—Secondly, by sending us their business advertisements, and those of their friends; and thirdly, by procuring for us a good list of Subscribers for the first quarter, to aid in obtaining which, blank forms may be had of W. HORSFELL, 13, Paternoster Row, London, post free. By remitting, in advance, parcels will be sent as under:—

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OUR MISSION.

HAPPINESS has been man's aim from the beginning of the race. History is a record of his efforts, varied according to his diverse states and circumstances. While no party or nation has attained success, the world has gained by the efforts made; it has more of light, of love, of liberty, than it once had. In the inner life of all from God's hands is a spring ever tending to irrigate the arid soil—to develop the good and beautiful. This divine spring is at the root of all progress. That which in man struggles forward and upwards is the intuitive soul; that against which he struggles has grown out of errors—the errors of his predecessors, of his neighbours, of himself—the results of which (self-seeking and artificialities) have tended to obstruct the divine ray within him, and thus, while he has become more learned in external things, he has wandered farther from internal happiness. Experience makes us feel this truth.

Our Mission will be to point out, according to our best ability, the lessons of Experience,—to show, according to our best light, the road from the experienced bad to the better, and, from the better, to the better still. In doing this we propose to review the history, in its chief departments, of our epoch as it passes. Our readers may therefore expect our pages to contain a summary, necessarily condensed, of every week's news—foreign, domestic, political, and religious. We shall view all things from that central religious ground—where party is not known, where all men are brethren, children of one Father.

Everything having for its object the well-being of the race shall have free ventilation, so far as our pages can give it. We shall have to deal with the various departments of social science, mental philosophy, and physiology. We shall review the various, and even extreme questions of dietetics. The subject of Medicine, too, will be held open for discussion, whether Allopathic, Homœopathic, or Botanic. Books in reference to these topics, or to any of the leading questions of the age, physical, moral, or religious, will be honestly reviewed, irrespective of party, sect, or creed. Our leading articles will embrace the same topics. Our Paper will be a *Family Paper*: not a scrap will be admitted offending propriety. We should be failing in our mission, to enquire into everything relating to human life, if we did not, in addition to mesmerism and clairvoyance, ventilate the ques-

tion of Spiritualism, which will naturally find a place in the *Two Worlds*.

In dealing with any of these questions we shall not dogmatise. We shall keep on the firm ground of fact and deduction. Keeping on this ground, man never ceases to learn. Experience qualifies us to profit, and to show others the way to profit by what we have already learned.

If at any time we or our correspondents—and we hope to have many—express conclusions which may appear questionable, we invite criticism, under the simple limitation, that such criticisms be written to the point and in good temper and feeling.

HEALTH AND HUMAN PROGRESS.

STRANGE are the doings of men; mysterious are the ways of Providence; awful seems the ordeal through which our human nature is destined to pass in its process of development,

From brute's to man's, from man's to angel's sphere.

"Abhorred be war," and yet war has ever been, and probably ever will be, the vice and the punishment of man till he rises superior to, or emerges entirely from, the savage state.

And what is the savage state? Have our philosophers properly explained it? Have not our statesmen left undefined or undistinguishable the line of demarcation between the savage and the civilized? And have not our physiologists overlooked the causes of this dividing line?

It seems to us a self-evident proposition, that man will never rid himself of barbarism till he abandons the habits of the brutes. So long as he feeds and feasts on the carcasses of the lower animals, he will be more or less ferocious and blood-thirsty, like the predacious creatures. So long as he hardens his heart with avarice, distempers his brain with narcotics, inflames his blood with stimulants, and depraves his passions with riotous living, so long will he be under the dominion of the Evil One, and prone to "play the dog," in his intercourse with his neighbour, whenever crossed or thwarted in his purposes; and so long will "man's inhumanity to man" be the leading theme of the legislator, the poet, the novelist, and the historian. A poet has thus written:—

Health's a perfection of all that can
Be said or thought, riches, delight, or harmony,
Wealth, beauty; and all these not subject to
The waste of time, but in their height eternal.

We confess, we have no hope of permanent "peace on earth and good will to man," no expectation that the "lion will eat straw like the ox," or that reason will supersede the sword in the arbitrament of disputes in society, until the world becomes physiologically redeemed. Until then, the ungoverned propensities, as in the animal kingdom, will rule the intellect, the passions will ever and anon be lashed into fury, and the right to or possession of the thing sought will be settled by the exercise of teeth, claws, horns, beaks and fangs, or their analogues, bludgeons, dirks, bayonets, guns, and cannon.

However, our duty is plain. We must teach men by line on line and precept on precept, that internal conditions, more than outward circumstances, make them blind to their true interests, and render them diseased, morbid, sordid, cruel, and murderous; and that when they acquire a "sound mind in a sound body," they will find "peace in believing," and see that the best good of each one of God's creatures is the best good of all human kind. They will discover then that nature disowns the fallacy of "conflicting interests" among human beings; and then will each member of the human family contribute something to the hastening on of the "good time coming," and to the drying up for ever of the deep dark sea of human misery.

The Health reform is the most radical of all social movements or improvements; and until the people generally can be made to recognize its true principles, and perceive their application to all

the varied purposes of life, they will labour un-availingly, or with only partial success, in very many benevolent and philanthropic enterprises, however important either may be intrinsically.

We intend that the *Two Worlds* shall aid in the progress of the cause of Health-reform; and if our friends who see, feel, and think with us on the subject, will lend a helping hand, we shall do much in dispelling the thick black cloud of ignorance which now rests like a midnight pall on the whole subject of health and disease. To do this requires work; and our friends should recollect,—

The clouds may drop down titles and estates,
Wealth may seek us—but wisdom must be sought.

WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM?

Our daily, weekly, and quarterly contemporaries have for some years past associated, in type more or less prominent, the words *Spiritualism* and *delusion*. Where there is so general a concert in this "delusion," it may be supposed that there is some foundation of facts. There must be some substratum of facts in every delusion even of the most passing kind; but here we have a "delusion" which has endured for years, and which is extending over a wider and still wider field. We know that periodicals and well written books are published, that tracts are disseminated and lectures delivered on the subject of Spiritualism, here in England, and still more widely in America. We have before us a New York print in which we find the surprising statement that there are nearly a million and a half of professed spiritualists in the United States. "The sale of spiritualist books and publications," says the *New York Herald*, "is enormous. More than a hundred periodicals have been started for the diffusion of the knowledge of the subject, of which some fifteen are actually now in operation. Over one hundred distinct publications on the subject are in the book catalogues, and they are in as great demand as the new religious books of any sect. Judge Edmonds' book has had a sale of 10,000 copies; those of Davis, of which there are ten, have reached already as high as 8,000 for his best volumes; certain pamphlets, in the early stages of the movement, had a vastly more extensive circulation." It then gives a list of fifteen periodicals published in different parts of the Union. We are also credibly informed that in every country on the continent of Europe, the "New Philosophy" or the "delusion," whichever it may be, numbers its adherents by thousands: these publications find their way here, and are occasionally shown to us.

Again we say there must be facts at the bottom of all this. There is no delusion in facts vouched for by credible witnesses; to say the contrary would be to utter an empty assumption; to act upon such an assumption would be to nullify every judgment and act based upon testimony, and every judicial tribunal might be shut up. There may be errors, delusion if you will, in the conclusion from facts, but not in testified facts themselves. We, as Journalists, may have no more personal knowledge of any of the facts in question than many of our contemporaries. We are, however, prepared to believe facts on good testimony, although we may not be the conclusions of the witnesses. A scientific gentleman of name was lately in our hearing speaking very confidently upon the subject as from his personal knowledge. The question was put, "What is this Spiritualism—this new movement of the world?" His answer was: "It is a manifestation of departed spirits demonstrating immortality, and it has demonstrated it to me." We are of those who believe,—and the arguments of our secularist friends have never yet been able to shake this belief,—that man cannot be happy, no matter what improvement he may be able to make in his circumstances, until he recognises his divine origin and the inner purpose of his creation.

If spiritualism even assists in teaching this, if it assists man's mind to penetrate the obscure veil of sense and recognise inner truth,—such teaching



will harmonise with our own higher objects, and we shall rejoice, and, no doubt, our readers will too, because we have reserved a place for the discussion of "Spiritualism" in the columns of the *Two Worlds*.

We invite facts, stated with brevity and authenticated with the name and address of the narrator,—the latter, not necessarily for publication—unless expressly desired—but for authentication and reference, if the latter should be necessary.

EDITORIAL WORK.

DID it ever occur to you, most agreeable reader, that life is not an untroubled sea? Did you ever pause in looking over a newspaper to think of the ceaseless toil that is necessary to provide for you the columns and paragraphs you so eagerly scan? This editorial writing—what a ceaseless tapping of a man's brain it is! No matter how he feels—no matter what scarcity there may be of new topics—the paper must be out at the appointed time, and his usual contributions must fill the accustomed niche.

The limited space of a newspaper column does not allow the editor to treat any subject at large. He must not attempt an extended discussion, no matter what he writes about; but he is expected to touch on a variety of themes every week, and to just touch them—nothing more—so that his readers may not be wearied by long articles. To write a long essay or a series would sometimes be a great relief. But if he does either, ten chances to one he will hear of it.

A certain editor recently ventured to discuss, in a series of well-written papers, some theme which he supposed to be of vital interest to his readers. But he soon found that it would not do. His subscribers, some of them, rebelled, and we believe his serial never reached its intended terminus. Once or twice, in a long editorial service, we have ventured to do this dangerous thing. Fortunately we heard no complaints, though we have no doubt many were uttered. Now and then, however, we have been complimented by a brother saying to us, "That was a very good article of yours in last week's paper, as far as I read; but it was so long, I was called off before I had time to finish it."

Editorial writing is pleasant enough and easy enough to a man accustomed to it—when he has once determined what he shall write about. But this selection of topics is not easy. For a single paper or two any man will find subjects at hand; but when it comes to writing to the same readers year in and year out; when one calls up the subjects already presented, some briefly, others more elaborately, either by himself or by correspondents, the difficulty of selecting so as to avoid repetition is quite embarrassing. As to waiting till something suggests itself—till it comes to you, that is out of the question. The respectable, but ill-named boy, is at your door already. He is waiting for copy. You must sit down and write at once. What if half a dozen persons in the office are earnestly discussing Church or State politics? What if you are interrupted every moment or two by some irrelevant interrogatory, urged with singular indication of obliviousness of what you are about? You must hold on to the thread of an idea, if you happen to have one, and still do the agreeable to your friend; you must write with some appearance of understanding what you are saying, whether in reality you know what you are about or not; you must feel your way through, like a man walking in a narrow pass on a dark night—and having reached the end of your sheet, you may take a long breath, and turn away in search of some other subject. And there is no end to this; for as soon as you have succeeded in arranging for one number, the burden of another is upon you, from the first week in January until the last in December.

But the writing of editorials is a small part in comparison with the aggregate of other duties. Here is an article well meant and full of sensible sayings. But it is badly written, perhaps badly spelled, perhaps poorly put together. You must go over it. You must dash out an unnecessary word here, and put in an omitted word yonder. You must be grammarian for the writer, who has never learned grammar, or has permitted himself to write without revision. You must, in short, prepare his irregular composition for the press, and where you cannot make out precisely what he intended to write, guess at it, and let your readers have the benefit of your guessing.

To read a newspaper for pastime is a very inviting employment. But here are twenty received by a morning's mail. You take scissors in hand and glance over them. What a treat these would be to some people; people who have leisure to read them through. But your work is to scissorize. You are looking for scraps. Here is one; but it was in your own paper last week. Here is another; but it is too sectarian. Here is a third; but it is one of last year's creation, that has lodged awhile on the shore of forgetfulness, and is now swept again upon the tide of news, to float until it can find another standing place. After an hour or two of search you gather up the result. It is your column of clippings from the exchanges! What a search for so meagre a reward!

Well, have you done? See, there is a roll of proofs. The type is set, and the foreman wishes to make up the forme. Here is a letter upside down—there is a word you never saw before—here is a sentence without meaning. What are you to do? Look at every letter—read every line—mark every intended correction—and send it back to be printed after your alterations shall have been made. You must do this at once. You must not take half a day for it. Drop everything you have before you, and read your proofs. The press will be

waiting for you, and, unless you are in time, your place will be taken by another, and your issue delayed. Presses work by steam now, and editors must not be behind time. Locomotives are off to the minute advertised. Happy the editor who, when his sheet is out, does not find a dozen errors that he could not find before! Thrice happy he who, besides all this, does not find many that he did see still glaring upon him, in all their ugly deformity and provoking calmness, despite of all his care.

But we must not treat even this subject at length. It is long enough already. One thing would reconcile us to this sort of labour. What is that? The evidence of appreciation—the sensible evidence that those for whom we labour remember us. The best mode of showing this appreciation is—prompt remittance. Do you ask, then, the object of all this? It is simply this: if you owe for the paper, pay for it at once! "SEND ON THE MONEY!" It will lighten our cares, quicken our faculties, pay our debts, and quiet your conscience!

A Scottish Editor writes:—"We could wish gentry whose criticism is expressed in the order 'Stop my paper,' no worse punishment than a week spent on the wheel of a newspaper. They would soon find the situation too hot for them. They would acquire some notion of severe drudgery of which they are in blissful ignorance. Multifarious particles of matter, each of them insufficient in itself, yet important in combination, to be selected, analyzed, compressed, to please a diversity of tastes, without offending any; reports to be stripped of their verbiage and transformed into a presentable shape; comments on topics political, literary, commercial, esoteric as well as popular, to be obtained or prepared; paragraphs to be prepared on every imaginable subject, from a monstrous gooseberry to the revolution of an empire; correspondence to be licked into shape—for the *Bruti Decii* often require a great deal of correction: in a word, all the local events of the week, with all the striking incidents of the four quarters of the globe, *i. e.* its N.E.W.S., to be cooked on the gridiron of memory. All the time, too, a flood-tide of 'unavoidable matter' comes sweeping along, crumbling away plans, destroying arrangements, and making the heart sick with the ever-beginning never-ending toil. Talk of the hardships of 'six upon four' on board ship!—certainly, it is disagreeable to lack beef when you abound in appetite, but it is nothing near so bad as the newspaper ill—a month's reading and writing to be got through in a week, and whole volumes of matter to be crammed in a few slender columns. Then there is the incidental harass of the editor's office—to have a train of thought cut in two by the unceremonious appearance of 'the devil,' and the imp's uncompromising cry for 'copy,' and to be summoned from the editorial 'den' to be overwhelmed by the patronage contained in the promised purchase of next week's paper, provided the letter, signed 'A Constant Reader,' is inserted therein. An efficacious wet blanket is thus thrown upon the unfortunate editor, and he is decomposed in the very throes of composition. No wonder that the editor can seldom be seen—no wonder that his mind is sometimes bewildered as to which contributor and which class of readers he shall please, or rather displease—this being the almost inevitable result, should he show a preference to any. Such, ordinarily, is the provincial editor's toil; sick and well, inclined and disinclined, in joy and sadness, whether mauled in a controversy or annoyed by some critic who has discovered that there is an 'a' turned up-side-down in the forty-fourth line of the fifth column of the eighth page. He must work in all seasons, and under all circumstances:

"He never tires nor stops to rest,
But onward still he goes."

except, indeed, to die; and then nine times out of ten he dies, poor man, in harness."

NOTES OF THE WEEK'S NEWS.

The most marvellous enterprise of modern times has not been without difficulties and disappointments. It would be strange indeed, and most novel, if the execution of so gigantic a project as the laying of a telegraphic line of communication between the two worlds, the old and the new, should fulfil the aspirations of eager desire and promise at first. It suffices for patient science that it does not contradict previous calculation. The work already achieved is a sure gauge of success. The thing has been done—the communication made—its permanence and perfection will follow as safely and certainly as to walk and to run crown the efforts of the child to reach its mother. The glorious message of glory to God and peace to men spoke from rock to rock, and through the hearts of millions, by the instrumentality of this telegraph. Other communications were also made; and now the intercourse is only suspended, not finally broken off or terminated. Science is getting a mastery over the cable and the situation. Mr. Varley has been feeling its pulse, as it were, and has determined the seat of the disease. He says, there is "a fault of great magnitude at a distance of between 215 and 300 statute miles from Valencia." The discovery of the disease goes a great way towards the remedy. The cable has not parted. Faint signals or reversals are still heard from Newfoundland. Messrs. Glasse and Elliott are constructing a new cable. The old cable may still be repaired; and, from year to year, new lines will be laid on, until the great points of utility in a telegraph expedition—accuracy and cheapness—shall be attained. In fact, wonders have been already achieved, and the promise of a satisfactory completion is quite within the range of modest and prudent expectation. We have no fears for the ultimate success of the undertaking, and it is a lasting honour to every one connected with the company to be the first who united England to America by the electric telegraph, which may be called the material link of charity and brotherhood amongst men.

Dr. John Le Gay Brereton, homoeopathic surgeon, Bradford, (author of a creditable volume of poems, recently published by Longmans,) is reported to be prepared to discuss spiritualism in public or private, at any time or place, "being assured that communication may be obtained, direct, from the spiritual world."—*Manchester Guardian*.

The British Association has been holding its meeting at Leeds. The President's inaugural address was a most elaborate disquisition on Scientific Progress. In the Geographical and Ethnological departments, Sir Roderick Murchison read letters from Dr. Livingstone on the Zambesi, stating, amongst other interesting particulars, that one day, an unarmed boat party came in sight of 200 armed natives, but upon the Doctor shouting that the new comers were English, they dropped their arms, and brought fowls, &c., for sale; and that though Dr. Livingstone and his party had been in the delta more than a month, there had been not a single case of fever. In the Economic Science and Statistical Section, Dr. Strang read a paper on water supply in great towns; Mr. Bagley one on Trade and Commerce as auxiliaries of civilisation and comfort; and Mr. Newmarch on the History of prices in 1857 and 1858. In the Mechanical Section, Mr. Fairbairn gave the inaugural address, in which he said that he hoped the public would soon hear of the *Leviathan* dashing across the Atlantic at the rate of 18 or 20 knots an hour; that the railway force in existence in this country was equivalent to that of 200,000 horses constantly in operation throughout the year; and that he believed the Atlantic cable must result in great blessings both to individuals, and to nations.

In Law and Police we have to record that three Post-office letter-carriers, who had ploughed guilty to indictments charging them with stealing letters containing monies, have been sentenced to be kept in penal servitude for four years. Mr. Baron Watson said, the integrity of letters passing through the post must be protected; and although it was a painful duty to pass sentence upon men who, up to the time of the commission of the offence, enjoyed the esteem of their superiors and those who were acquainted with them, yet the duty owed to the public left no alternative.—A servant, in the employ of the Crediton postmaster, has been committed for trial at the Devon assizes; five charges out of thirty, of stealing letters containing valuables, having been proved against her.—James Trench, the lad convicted of arson, committed from a feeling of revenge against his employer, in consequence of his having dismissed him from his employ, was sentenced to be kept in penal servitude for four years.—Isaac Hammond, alias Bandy, underwent a lengthened examination before Mr. Paynter, at Westminster, charged with the murder of Sarah Farrell. The unfortunate woman was thrown from the window of a house in York-street, on the night of the 15th instant, and was removed to Westminster Hospital, where she expired on Thursday, after intense suffering. The prisoner was committed to take his trial for wilful murder, and Mr. Adair, house-surgeon of the hospital, who received several statements from the deceased, criminating Hammond, was bound over to prosecute. At the coroner's inquest, held on Friday, the jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against the accused.—A wretched-looking woman was brought before Mr. Selge, at the Thames police-court, charged with attempting self-destruction, by swallowing a quantity of aquafortis. The prisoner was bound over to give evidence against three persons, to be tried at the Central Criminal Court for a burglary; since which she had been subjected to such a system of persecution and intimidation by their friends, that, as she said, her life became intolerable. Warrants were issued against the ruffians who had threatened her, and she was sent to Wapping poor-house.—Mary Killock, aged seventeen, a surly-looking girl, residing in Clerkenwell, has been charged with violently assaulting an infant only seven months old. The prisoner was employed by the infant's mother to look after the child, while the mother went out washing. On Wednesday, when the mother washed the child, she noticed that it had a black bruise on its shoulder, and when she spoke to the prisoner, she said she knew nothing at all about it. There was a mark of a slap on the child's face and shoulder, and a piece of flesh had been pinched out of its leg. The child was taken to the hospital. The surgeons there ascertained that the infant's thigh was broken, and was in a very bad state from the prisoner's ill-usage. When the prisoner was accused of beating the child, she did not deny it, but treated the affair with indifference. The magistrate said the conduct of the prisoner was very cruel, and remanded the case.

An extraordinary statement is made in the St. Petersburg journals. In demolishing a wall in the apartments of the Hereditary Grand Duke, in what is called the "grand palace," in that city, the skeleton of a female was found still covered with fragments of clothing, which fell to dust on being exposed to the air. There is not the slightest tradition, they add, to show who the woman was, or why she was closed up in the wall.

Burning Protestant Bibles.—A Catholic priest has just been fined fifteen thalers in the Posen district, for burning Protestant Bibles, which he found in the hands of Catholic prisoners in a goal to which he acted as chaplain. He appealed on the ground that the prisoners had voluntarily handed him over the books. The Court of Appeal has just decided against him, for the reason that the Bibles were not the property of the prisoners.

In miscellaneous matters we may mention that Piccolomini and Signor Giuglini took their farewell of the English public on Tuesday, at the Crystal Palace.—Two new theatres are in progress in London, the Britannia, in Hoxton, and the Pavilion, in Whitechapel-road, both being expected to be open before the end of the present autumn.—The Lord Mayor received on Friday an address adopted by the people of Ottawa, expressive of their felicitations that the Atlantic Cable was successfully laid.—A life-guardsmen in Knightsbridge Barracks, has put an end to his existence by cutting his throat with a razor.—The Coroner's Inquest *in re* the Sheffield Music Hall catastrophe, after the examination of 31 witnesses, returned a verdict that "Ellen Staley and three others were suffocated and killed on the 4th inst., at the Surrey Music Hall, in endeavouring to escape from the hall, during a panic caused by the cry of 'Fire,' but whether it was raised in consequence of the firing of a pistol or from an explosion of gas or from whatever cause, no satisfactory evidence has been adduced to the jury. Dale met with his death accidentally by jumping through the window."—There have been extensive floods in Ireland.—Mr. Chambers has issued an address to the Greenwich electors, stating that he does not intend to present himself as a candidate at the next election.—The Electric and International Telegraph Company's new submarine cable for connecting England with the Continent has been successfully laid; it contains four wires, weighs 1260 tons, and was submerged at the rate of about four and a half knots per hour.—A numerously attended meeting of the letter-carriers of the South Western Branch Office was held in Westminster, on Saturday, for the purpose of taking into consideration a number of grievances of which they complain, and to devise measures for their remedy. Three hundred telegraphic messages were sent from Jersey to Guernsey the first week after the laying down of the submarine cable between those islands.

A few days ago, a young man, still in his teens, accompanied by a good-looking young woman, a few years his senior, drove up to the Registrar's-office, Halifax, for the purpose of entering the matrimonial state. The ceremony was about to be proceeded with, when the little bridegroom's mother made her appearance, boxed his ears, and sent him home.

The opening of China to the Missionaries and merchants of the west is being sedulously taken advantage of by the different religious sects, who are preparing to send forth their evangelists to the millions of Celestials. The Pope of Rome, even, has begun to organise a grand collection throughout Catholic Europe, on behalf of special Romanist missions to the Chinese. There is every likelihood that appeals to the Christian public, such as the following, from a Missionary at Shanghai, will not be made in vain:—"Viewing the result of the recent negotiations at Tien-tism from our stand-point as Missionaries, we regard it as one of the greatest events of this age. It is the opening of the prison-doors to one third of the human race who for long centuries have been 'sitting in the region of the valley and shadow of death.' We hope that now the Churches of Europe and America will come up to the full standard of their duty, and occupy this whole country immediately. The Protestant Churches of Christendom must step promptly into the field, or prepare to follow, under great disadvantages, the scores of Romish and Greek Missionaries who will pour in both upon the North and South. The Jesuits already occupy the ground in considerable force, and the Greek Church has been preparing the way for some time to begin operations upon an extensive scale so soon as circumstances would permit. But it is not so much from fear of Greece and Rome as from love to God and the souls of the heathen, that I would urge the immediate occupation of China by Protestant Christians. God has opened wide the door of access to the 360,000,000 of this vast empire, and we should not delay to enter."

Crinoline and the ladies' other fashions have at length been denounced by the clergy. At the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, at Kingsbridge, the Rev. H. Marriott said he was sorry to be obliged to speak of the ridiculous fashions of the present day, especially among the ladies. All their time and energies seemed devoted to that one purpose of decorating their frail bodies that would soon require nothing but a winding-sheet. He regretted the extreme folly of the English women that prompted them to copy the dress of the French Empress. In alluding to bonnets, he said that the Scriptures told them that long hair was given to woman for an ornament, but that the head ought to be covered. This, however, according to the present fashion, they appeared to have entirely forgotten, as they were now no covering for the head. He hoped that his hints would be received and acted upon. If they could only hear what the men said of the present fashions behind their backs they would abandon them. The ladies present appeared to be very indignant at these remarks, but there was a slight applause from the gentlemen. The Rev. S. Lampen, however, gallantly came forward as the ladies' champion, and said he could not agree with Mr. Marriott that the energies of the ladies were entirely devoted to dress, as they were always first and foremost in carrying out good objects, and were it not for their invaluable assistance the Bible Society, and other good societies, would soon disappear. His defence of the fair sex, say the papers, was loudly applauded.

A BENEVOLENT MOVE IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

A "LONDON HOME" has been established, under the auspices of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of London, for the reception of respectable females, suffering from curable surgical diseases. The cases set down to be received, include a large class of infirmities, incidental to the weaker sex, of an incapacitating character, and which render the sufferers burdensome to themselves, and sources of painful and wearying anxiety to their friends, and which can only be cured by professional skill, good nursing, carefully regulated diet, freedom from external annoyances, and pureness of air.

In ordinary hospitals, the sufferers find the resources of modern science brought to bear upon their cases, and all the means which conduce to restore health are combined in a whole. "The London Home" is established to afford equal privileges to another class. Not only the wives of the poor clergyman, and the merchant's clerk, but also of the small tradesman, and all respectable females, whose social position compels them to decline to participate in the privileges of the poor, but who are equally unable to meet the expenses inevitably attendant upon the performance of critical surgical operations at their own homes, or in hired lodgings.

Every patient of the Institution is required to pay a weekly sum towards the expenses of board and lodging. This payment varies from ten to forty shillings per week. The results already obtained are gratifying. The establishment makes no claim upon local interests as such, but aims at enlisting a sympathy and support as extended, as the sphere which it is designed to fill. In Dublin, Paris, and some other cities, establishments upon the same plan have been successfully carried out. The arrangements are now complete, and beds made up for fourteen inmates, and there is ample room for twenty-one. The Committee urgently appeal for the means to enable them to fill up and support this number. All friends of the suffering poor—especially ladies—should personally call upon the Lady Superintendent, and inspect the arrangements.

As we have said, the establishment is under the highest moral auspices, and, apparently, unexceptionable professional and business management. The "London Home" is at Stanley Terrace, Notting Hill. Inmates are received in virtue of payments graduated according to means and circumstances, not in virtue of any letters of recommendation; urgency of cases alone determine priority in admissions. The want of such an establishment must needs have been felt for a long time among us, for meeting one of the pressing evils of our artificial civilization; and we are glad that this desideratum is being so worthily supplied.

PAPERS ON HOMŒOPATHY.

I.—HOMŒOPATHY AND ALLOPATHY.

By these terms are designated respectively the New School and the Old. Both are derived from the Greek. Homœopathy signifies "similar affection," or, more at length, "action of a drug producing an affection similar to that against which it is used." Allopathy, on the other hand, signifies "action of a drug producing an affection contrary to that against which it is used."

The race is progressive. What strides has it not taken in every department of art, science, and thought during the present century? But were fundamental principles to be discovered in all except that of medicine, the department that so much concerns human welfare?

From the obscurest antiquity the established rule of medicine had been that disorder should be treated by contraries, —cold, by warmth; dryness, by moisture; repletion, by depletion; obstructions, by aperients, &c. This rule appealed to men's outer apprehension, which leads them to oppose effects by their direct contraries. But from the written past, observations and thoughts have been exhumed, revealing that man's inner sense, which penetrates to causes, has, at times, perceived an inner principle of cure. In a Sanscrit poem, dating back above 2000 years, is this line:—"It has been heard, of old time in the world, that poison is the remedy for poison." In a book of Hippocrates occurs this passage:—"By similar things disease is produced, and by similar things administered to the sick, they are healed of their diseases. Thus the same thing which will produce a strangury, when it does not exist, will remove it when it does." Other ancient physicians made similar penetrating observations, but they did not systematize them; they only occur disjointedly. Poets, too, have perceived the same truth. Our own Shakspeare, for instance:—

"In poison there is physic, and these news

Having been well, that would have made me sick;

Being sick, have, in some measure, made me well."

It remained for the truth, in all its bearings upon health and disease, to receive its scientific development at the close of the last century, by the distinguished Hahneman.

II.—HOMŒOPATHY.—ITS FOUNDER.

HAHNEMANN, born in Saxony, in 1755, was the founder of the New School. He took his degree as Doctor in Medicine at the University of Erlangen, in 1779, and was soon after appointed "district physician" near Magdeburg. As an original thinker, he endeavoured to rationally reconcile his practice with the theories of disease and of medicines as they were taught by the learned authorities of the day. He found that their theories were as conjectural as their practice was admitted to be empirical. In the true spirit of positive philosophy he resolved to discover for himself, if possible, the laws of the phenomena accompanying diseases, and the action of medicines. In the course of this study, he was struck with Cullen's account of the fever-producing, as well as fever-curing, qualities of Peruvian bark. He tried it upon himself and others in health; he found it bring on the symptoms of intermittent fever. He asked whether this expressed a law under which came other diseases and other drugs? He experimented for years on himself and others, with a multitude of different medicines, and found one result from all, namely, that they produced, when taken by a healthy person, the same symptoms as are presented in those diseases which they are known to cure; for instance, that mercury produces diseases exactly similar to those it cures; that sulphur, which cures itch, produces an eruption similar to itch. The law was discovered, and he published it. A band of disciples gathered round him. Opposition, of course, he also encountered. Invited by the Grand-Duke of Anhalt-Cöthen, who appointed him one of his councillors, he, now advanced in life, left his native land. At Anhalt-Cöthen, Hahnemann perfected the details of the new system on the strictest philosophical method of observation and experience. His numerous disciples in France then invited him to Paris, where, not long ago, he "died full of years and honour," happily witnessing, ere his departure, the reception of homœopathy by every civilized nation of the world.

III.—HOMŒOPATHY.—DRUGS.

WHAT is the opinion of the Old School professors of the medicines of their school? Pinel, of France, says, "Our medicines are a confused heap of incongruous substances of doubtful efficacy." Dr. Paris, President of the College of Physicians, says, "Some medicines are absurd, some disgusting and loathsome, some inert, all uncertain." Dr. Johnson, of King's College, says, "On few subjects is there such diversity of opinion (in the Old School) as on the effects of medicines, their modes of action, and the best method of administering them." Truly he was right who said that the (old) doctors' art was that of putting stuff of which they knew little, into bodies of which they knew less! And this is the result of 2000 years' practice by thousands of professors! Why? Because their method was erroneous. Haller, the great German physiologist, in 1730, said, that instead of continuing experiments, as to the true action of medicines, on the sick, they ought to be tested on the sound. Stoerck, the Swede, and a number of other physicians throughout Europe, tried some on themselves, but got tired of the experiments,—the old school doses which they used were too strong. Hahnemann, having in view his first trial of the ague-curing Peruvian bark—a very small quantity of which produced ague in himself—saw that, on the same principle, if he observed how all simple drugs, in repeated small doses, acted in health, he would get the key to unlock the secret of curing other diseases, tested others; he took

aconite; it produced inflammatory fever; he, therefore, administered, in common inflammatory fevers, very small doses of aconite, and this cured better than bleeding, sweating, &c., and without weakening the patient. And so he went on with ninety different drugs. He found every drug produced its own effects; he tested them singly, and of course administered them singly. In 1842, a Congress of Physicians at Strasburg re-echoed Haller's recommendation, and thus recognised Hahnemann's principle and method of proving drugs as the most natural and scientific. Truth must prevail!

(To be continued.)

MEDICAL REFORM. (Communicated.)

DICTATORIAL State interference in medical matters is evil. To grant special prerogatives is to encourage abuses. State protection extended to medical bodies has been productive alone of tyranny. From the moment the State granted privileges to the corporate body of physicians did the College which they formed continue, for its gain, an exclusive system unworthy of enlightened men. The history of the College of Physicians has been but a story of oppression and persecution, damaging the science its members were appointed to encourage. Accusations are brought in an article under this head in the "Westminster Review," against the College of Surgeons; by an edict the College determined to recognise the certificates of no provincial teachers. It suppressed an English school in Paris. The College of Physicians, fearing the admission of too many members to share honours as well as profits, leagued with the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge to decline "testimonials of incorporation" to graduates of other universities. This limitation had the effect of a theological test; no man was eligible to practise physic properly unless a member of the English Church, in the eyes of sanctimonious quacks, who had elevated themselves to the seat of judges in the College of Physicians. In truth a review of the history of this body would be but a weary story of charlatanism, unquelled by the rival establishments of Morrison and Holloway. The history of such abuses overthrows all belief in State protection, and settles the question of chartered colleges. In the rivalry of medical institutions is the solution of the difficulty; the natural criterion of excellence which these institutions would from time to time acknowledge would be a better guarantee to the public of instruction keeping pace with discovery than any formulae laid down by a chartered college. The ultimate effect of rivalry will be the assertion of individual opinion in medical matters, to the destruction of the aggregate opinions of bodies, which are at all times a suspicious compromise. To unfetter the instructed or enlightened individual is the idea of civilisation, and, in the administration of medical affairs, is the ultimate tendency. With better knowledge the community would require no protection against quacks, which is the whole advantage derivable from licensing bodies; for as organisations for educational purposes, these are inferior to private efforts. Licensing bodies are demanded altogether upon protective principles. The supposed protection hitherto granted the public by the privileged bodies has in a measure uneducated the public upon the subject of medical professional capacity, but with an increase of knowledge this error will be effaced. But that knowledge will not come from privileged bodies: their mission is that of corporate selfishness. We make these remarks in anticipation of a modification of the New Medical Bill on public grounds.

Miss Margaret Fox was, on Monday, baptised, at St. Peter's Church, Barclay-street, into the Roman Catholic church. The Fox family consisted of the mother and three sisters. Their Rapping commenced at Hydesville, Wyne county, N. Y. For some time they were the wonder of their neighbourhood. The family removed to Rochester, where their peculiar gift soon began to attract attention. Strange stories were told of secrets revealed, and fates foretold. Each of the sisters was a medium, through whose agency the spirits of the dead conveyed information by alphabetic raps on the floors and upon tables. Committees of leading citizens were appointed, who reported that they heard sounds, but could not tell whence they came. The extent to which spirit-rapping has been carried, not only in this country but in Europe, is one of the greatest marvels of the century; and the phenomena which were at first developed by this family are still a puzzle to philosophers.—*New York Times*.

The Commissioners appointed by the Bishop of Oxford under the Church Discipline Act, to inquire into the charges against the Rev. R. West, Curate of Boyne Hill, have finished their investigation at Maidenhead. The Commission stated that Mr. West was charged by the Rev. John Slaw, Vicar of Stoke Pogis, "with an offence against the laws ecclesiastical, in having within two years hereof in the performance of his ecclesiastical duty on the occasion of visiting a certain sick person named Nancy Arnold, put improper questions to her, with the view of leading her to make Confession to him." They decided that a case had not been proved against him.

According to a communication lately made by the Clerk of the District Court of the Northern District of New York, the traffic in patent medicines is a "violation of law." In an answer to inquiries made by Dr. Hamilton, of Buffalo, the Clerk declares that there is no validity nor legality in the certificates of copyright which have been issued for numerous patent medicine labels, &c., for the reason that the acts of Congress do not authorize any such proceedings, copyrights being restructured by law to things which are evidently useful, and whose nature, construction, and composition are fully and clearly described and explained.—*Water Cure Journal*.

INIQUITY COVERED BY GOLD.

What if the soul of the drunkard
Shrivel in quenchless flame?

What, though his children by beggary conquered,
Plunge into ruin and shame?

Gold has come into the wreckers',
Murder has taken his prize;

GOLD—though a million hearts burst on the breakers—
Smothers the crime and the cries!

VEGETARIANISM.

A TELLING TESTIMONY.—The following letter has an almost incalculable value, as being the unsolicited testimony of a working man, in favour of adopting a correctly physiological diet:—3, Dale-place, Gooch-street, Birmingham, Sept. 7, 1858. My dear old Friend: I was highly delighted to receive a letter from you; it was quite cheering, after a seven years' estrangement, to find that the "days of auld Langsyne" are not quite forgotten; it is enough to make a poor fellow feel quite cheery and light hearted in a desert like this. If I didn't know you very well I should be afraid to write to you; for I look upon you with something like awe, now; you are one of those great individuals who use that highly important little "We;" you are an Editor; and for a poor ragged, rugged, rough, uncultivated boot-closer to write to a London Editor is positively awful; it's a task I would never presume to undertake. However, I am not now writing to "Mr. Editor," but to my very old friend, H—, and that makes me feel easy, quite at home. I am glad in my very soul to hear that you are a Teetotaler. *** Now, a little information about your humble servant. I am quite an old man now! I have been slaving ever since I have been here; I am slaving still, and likely to remain so,—delve, and moil, and toil, from Monday morning to Saturday night for 13s. or £1 a week; and that's precious hard when one has a family to keep. Don't think, however, that I have a family; I'll say, however, that my poor father is dead, and has been sixteen months, and was bad about three years before his death; without my saying more, you can understand my position. My mother and five of us live together here, and with what we can all manage to scrape together, we just keep a home together, and that is the way your humble servant fixed. You say, "What are you studying?"—that is out of the question; these white slave-drivers don't allow time for study; 'tis "all work and no play." I have, however, managed to learn Phonography (in which, if you are willing, we will correspond,) and given some attention to French and English, for languages are what I would study if I could. A few weeks ago I started with the Latin, as that, I am informed, is the great key to English etymology, being closely allied to several modern languages as well. I am afraid, owing to want of time, my progress will be very slow. Can you mention a really useful and cheap work, that would be of service to me in this respect? I have the "Popular Educator" now. I am a Teetotaler; staunch and unflinching. There is one thing more I'll tell you; besides being a Teetotaler, I'm a Vegetarian. Are you? If not, I strongly recommend it to your notice. I think, with vegetarianism and teetotalism, you may bid defiance to the majority of the "ills that flesh is heir to." I'm always well, and I think it is owing in a great extent to abstinence from beef, beer, tobacco, tea, coffee, snuff, salt, pepper, and a great many more things that the generality of "Christians" delight in. I believe in and practically observe the old saying "Eat to live, and do not live to eat." I am not fat, but wonderfully well. Now if you have not tried this, my dear old boy, just give it a trial. Have some brown bread and apples, plums, pears, &c., with good water, unspiced with tea and sugar. I can walk twenty miles on this system with more ease than I could when I was a carnivorous animal.—DAVID EVANS.

CAN A MATERIALIST BE A CHRISTIAN?

MR. EDITOR,—I presume your *Two Worlds* will embrace the discussion of subjects bearing on the world of mind, as well as on that of matter; and if so, the question of Materialism will not be considered to be less ineligible for ventilation in your columns, than its opposite, Spiritualism.

Why may not a Materialist be a Christian?—and have not many excellent persons been needlessly alarmed about the opinions of certain foreign physiologists, and their ingenious supporters in this country? I grant, that the inculcation of any doctrine which tends to prove that the soul is necessarily extinct when the present organization of the matter of the human body is at an end, has a bad moral tendency, and is an uncomfortable doctrine. But who, it may be asked, of the most strenuous assertors of the present dependence of the mind on organization, ever asserted that it may not be immortal, notwithstanding?

The immateriality and immortality of the soul are two very different questions; but they have been confounded; and in consequence, many well-intended treatises have altogether failed in their effects upon that class of persons for whom they were chiefly designed.

Whatever the physiologists alluded to may have thought themselves, or even insinuated, that, because the soul seems to terminate with the organization of the matter of the body, it ceases for ever to exist, is not at all a necessary consequence; nor do I think that all who have been treated as if they said so, have meant anything of the kind.

"The assertion," writes Dr. Elliotson, in his Notes to Blumenbach, "that the mind is a power of the living brain, is not an assertion that it is material; for a power or property of matter cannot be matter; neither is it an assertion that this power cannot be a something immortal, subtle, immaterial,—diffused through and connected with the brain. Nor, because we refuse to listen to a more hypothesis, respecting spirit, are we necessarily to deny the resurrection. For if a divine revelation pronounce that there shall be another order of things, in which the mind shall exist again, we ought firmly to believe it, because neither our experience nor our reason can inform us what will be hereafter; and we must be senseless to start objections on a point beyond the penetration of our faculties." (Blumenbach's "Elements of Physiology," by Dr. Elliotson. 4th edit. pp. 72-75.)

This is to my mind a just and admirable statement of the case; and it is assuredly giving the arguments of some sceptical physiologists a degree of importance in a religious point of view, which they do not merit, and encouraging a notion that physiological or any other researches are hostile to Christianity, for men to write and speak of them in the illiberal manner of some well-intentioned people; who have, however, proved themselves very unequal to the subject and by the confusion spread by them over the whole question, applying some passages in senses which their professional delinquents never meant, and arguing as if the soul, because it now seems to depend on the organization of the living brain, cannot therefore be immortal, have made many more sceptics than they have convinced.

The celebrated Dr. Rush, of America, remarks, I think most justly, upon this subject, that "the writers in favour of the immortality of the soul, have done that truth great injury by connecting it necessarily with its immateriality. The immortality of the soul depends upon the will of the Deity, and not upon the supposed properties of spirit. Matter is in its own nature as immortal as spirit. It is resolvable, by heat and moisture, into a variety of forms; but it requires the same Almighty power to annihilate, that it did to create it. I know of no arguments to prove the immortality of the soul, but such as we derive from the Christian revelation." ("Medical Inquiries and Observations," vol. ii., p. 15, as quoted by Elliotson, p. 77.)

"All the great ends of morality and religion (writes Mr. Locke,) are well enough secured, without philosophical proofs of the soul's immortality; since it is evident, that He who made us first begin to subsist here, sensible and intelligent beings, and several years continued us in such a state, can restore us to the like state of sensibility in another world, and make us capable there to receive the retribution he has designed to men, according to their doings in this life. And, therefore, it is not of such mighty necessity to determine one way or the other, as some, over-zealous, for or against, the immortality of the soul, have been forward to make the world believe." ("Essay," Book iv., ch. iii., sec. vi.)

It seems to have been too much taken for granted, by writers on these questions, that the Scriptures assert the strict immateriality, as well as the certain immortality of the human soul. This is a great error. The Scriptures are plain enough on the latter point; on the former, good men may, I am convinced, and will, more or less, always differ. A materialist may be an infidel, but not at all necessarily, as we have seen.

"It is of no consequence in the world to any purpose of religion (remarks the profound Mr. Hallett,) whether the soul of man be material or immaterial. All that religion is concerned to do, is, to prove that that which now thinks in us shall continue to think, and be capable of happiness or misery for ever. This religion proves, from the express promises and threatenings of the gospel. But religion is not concerned to determine of what nature this thinking immortal substance is.

"For my part, I judge it to be immaterial; but if a man should think that the soul is mere matter, endowed with the power of thought, he would not overturn any article in religion, that is of the least consequence to promote the ends of religion. For, while a man thinks his soul is matter, he necessarily thinks, that God, who made matter capable of thinking, and endowed the matter of his soul in particular with the power of thought, is capable, by the same Almighty power, of preserving the matter of his soul capable of thinking for ever."

I will now draw this extended note to a conclusion, with a passage from the writings of one of the least bigoted and most intellectual men that perhaps ever lived; in which, I heartily concur. "Believing as I do in the truth of the Christian religion, which teaches that men are accountable for their actions; I trouble not myself with dark disquisitions concerning necessity and liberty, matter and spirit. Hoping, as I do, for eternal life through Jesus Christ, I am not disturbed at my inability, clearly to conceive myself, that the soul is, or is not, a substance distinct from the body." Nor need any one! To ascertain this positively, is beyond our faculties. The objections, from experience or reason, either way, neither help nor hinder us.

I am, Mr. Editor, yours truly,
London, Sept. 28, 1858. * * *

Temperance and Tobacco.—To be consistent, all good Temperance men—and women too—should abstain from the use of snuff and tobacco. We have no patience with a lecturer who goes about talking "Temperance" to others, with his own mouth reeking with filthy tobacco. His preaching and practice are too falsely absurd to do any good. "Heal and purify thyself!" exclaims every listener. One thing at a time, say they, and let us first get rid of rum, then we'll "overboard with tobacco." We submit this protest—that it is the duty of all Temperance men to abandon the filthy habit of using tobacco in any form.—*Water Cure Journal.*

Syllogistical.—"A writer in the Westminster Review some time since, assumed the somewhat novel position that alcohol is food, and offered the following logic in proof, viz.:

'Food is force,
Alcohol is force,
Therefore alcohol is food.'

Another writer offered the following pungent syllogism, as equally legitimate and conclusive, viz.:

'Horse-feed is force,
Whipping a horse is force,
Therefore, whipping a horse is horse-feed.'

Should any of our readers hear a Pennsylvanian waggoner, as we have, talk about feeding his horses on 'whip lash,' the force of the above will become evident." Dr. Trall has taken the article in the Westminster Review in hand, and reviewed it thoroughly. He shows by a lucid course of reasoning, that alcohol is not food, but is always and everywhere poison.

PUBLIC HOUSES AND PUBLIC FOUNTAINS.

LLOYD'S *News* says:—Owing to the generosity of Mr. Melly, Liverpool has been provided with public drinking fountains. They seem to be in great requisition. You often see five or six dock labourers round them waiting to take their turn at the ladle. The Liverpool Recorder, in his recent charge to the grand jury, testified to the social and sanitary improvements that have flowed from these new sources of goodness. Each fountain in its way was a kind of Father Matthew, not only spouting morality, but also inculcating it practically. Who knows but that these fountains may in time cleanse the Augean Stable of drunkenness that is the pollution of most of our large towns? Fines, and accidents, and quarrels, since the introduction of these new moral reformers, have decreased wonderfully in Liverpool. The Irish have almost lost the art of blacking each other's eyes, and the magistrates, for the want of something to do, are enabled to write double the number of private letters, and to read twice as many newspapers. Manchester—and even the Isle of Man—have also been presented with some fountains from the same liberal fountain-head. When will they be introduced into London? You can procure in our wealthy metropolis everything but water, which should be the cheapest and most accessible drink of all. If you are thirsty, there are wine, spirits, beer, soda-water, milk, tea, cooling drinks, and oceans of other beverages, both expensive and cheap, but where is one to get a glass of water? A poor man, to make such a demand, would be strangely stared at; and, supposing, by some stretch of courtesy, a glass of water were brought to him, he would doubtless be expected to pay something for the trouble of fetching it. Paris has ten times as many fountains as London, and the consequence is that a drunken man is so rare a sight in Paris that one has to go all the way outside the *barrière* to see one. As these granite fountains seem to do more active good than a hundred orations from Mr. Gough, why not have one planted at the corner of every street? Let it be placed as a refreshing antidote to the fiery bane of the public-house. Our vestries should look to this. It would not be a bad experiment either, to introduce them into Scotland. Miracles might flow from their introduction. The water, may be, would be full, morally, of most healing powers. It might wean the nation from whisky, and, in time, instead of statistics telling us that the annual average consumption of that spirit is at the rate of eighteen bottles a-head for every man, woman, and child in the country, we might learn the pleasing fact that the same quantity of water has been substituted.

[The *Temperance Star* informs us that the Teetotalers of London have met in conference, and are endeavouring to work out the suggestion of Benj. Scott, Esq., City Chamberlain, that they should commence a subscription list in aid of the project proposed by *Lloyd's News*, for London. Scotland has already begun to move in the matter; and, on the suggestion of the Abstinence Union, Glasgow is to be provided with thirty-two public drinking fountains forthwith.—Ed. T. W.]

The Benchers and their Broome.—Mr. Samuel Broome, of the Temple Gardens, has recently written a letter to the *Times*, giving the result of the Benchers' throwing them open to the public. The worthy Benchers have a gardener worthy of themselves. Mr. Broome says:—I have made a moderate calculation of the numbers that have taken advantage of this boon, the majority being young children, averaging from two to ten years of age—120,000. The only damage done to the flowers all the season was one stock pulled by a child that strayed from its mother. Although there are standing in the walks 200 pots of plants, not a branch or leaf has been destroyed. The admittance of the public into the gardens gives inconvenience to the benchers, and members of the Inn, as they cannot take a quiet walk in the hot summer evenings if they feel so disposed; but I rarely hear a single murmur or complaint from them. On the contrary, some of them will say, "Gardener, this is a lovely sight to see these poor creatures." "How they seem to enjoy our treat." "I like to see it." "What a pity there are not more such places for them." Another feature connected with these gardens is, I cultivate a great number of chrysanthemums, finding they are the best town flower to grow in smoke. This excites immense interest in the working classes, they walk round and watch every operation I perform, ask me questions, and beg cuttings of what I have to spare. This, they tell me, keeps them for hours out of a public-house, from spending their hard earnings, and pouring down their throat that which robs their brain, and makes a wretched home. Therefore, I consider the good done by admitting the public unlimited. It is the means of teaching them how to cultivate, as well as of improving their domestic habits, and makes a happy home, creates an innocent rivalry with their neighbours, gives food for the brain, health to the body, and heaven to the soul, to hundreds of the industrious class; for there are no less than nine shows this autumn, all through seeing the plants in the two Temple Gardens that my kindhearted masters liberally permit. This working class are happy souls. I could spend all my days among them.—Samuel Broome is a practical philosopher of the best sort, as well as a practical gardener. May such never be "frozen out!"

A Beautiful Idea.—Away among the Alleghanies there is a spring, so small that a single ox, in a summer's day, could drain it dry. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills, till it spreads out into the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than a hundred villages and cities, and many thousand cultivated farms, and bearing on its bosom more than half a thousand steamboats. Then joining the Mississippi, it stretches away and away some twelve miles more, till it falls into the great emblem of eternity. It is one of the great tributaries of the ocean, which, obedient only to God, shall roll and roar till the angel, with one foot on the sea and the other on the land, shall lift up his hands to Heaven, and swear that time shall be no longer. So with moral influence; it is a rill—a rivulet—a river—an ocean, boundless and fathomless as eternity.

Railway Accidents.—During the half-year ending the 30th of June last, 143 persons were killed and 175 injured, from all causes, on the railways of the United Kingdom. 10 passengers were killed and 97 injured from causes beyond their own control, while 10 were killed and 12 injured owing to misconduct or want of caution. 8 servants of companies were killed and 33 injured from causes beyond their own control, while 65 were killed and 24 injured owing to misconduct or want of caution. There were three cases of suicide.

A Printer's Toast.—Woman—the fairest work of creation—the edition being extensive, let no man be without a copy.

THE ENGLISH EMIGRANTS;

OR,

Troubles on both Sides of the Atlantic.

By PAUL BETNEYS.

CHAPTER I.

TINY BAXTER.

"He, toss'd by Fate,
Could taste no sweets of youth's desired age;
But his life too true a pilgrimage."—DRYDEN

THE opening scene of our Tale is laid in Clerkenwell, London, in the winter of the year 18—.

A bitter morning in the month of January had succeeded a night of snow-storms and sleet, and a thick, damp fog hung over the metropolis like a funeral pall. Among the few pedestrians whom duty or necessity had obliged to walk abroad, was a poor, meagre-looking and thinly-clad woman about thirty years old, whose careworn and pallid countenance told the story of deep-seated disease, and years of bodily suffering, whilst the oft-repeated sigh spoke of heart-withering sorrow.

With a feeble step she wended her way across Mount Pleasant and up Dorrington-street, and as she looked upon the sturdy prison-pile, which covers several acres of ground on the north side of the street, her pain-distorted visage assumed an almost unearthly hue, in a vain attempt to suppress her long pent-up anguish of mind. Having reached an old tree but a few yards west of the old "Cobham's Head,"—a spot endeared to her by very many sweet associations of days long since passed away,—she sat down on an old and (to her) familiar stone step, and strove to trace, through the gloom of the morning, the outline of the buildings opposite to her resting-place, and faithful memory, with vivid and painful accuracy, portrayed before her mental vision the long row of elder trees, the antique buildings near old Bagnigge Wells, the tea-gardens and hedgerows which lined the old road to Highgate, with the daisy-meadows and green-capped hills of Spa Fields; and the time, too, when as far as the eye could reach northward, she had in merry girlhood plucked the wild and pretty flowers from among the tall grass in the fields now and long since covered with compact blocks of houses, and contrasting those sunny and sportive days with her present forlorn condition, the fountains of grief broke forth, and the scalding tears chased each other down her cheeks, and buried themselves in the peerless snow at her feet; and she murmured, as she rocked her emaciated body to and fro, "Ah! happy days were those! poor, dear John, the Lord has repaid you heavily for destroying my health and peace; and poor Tiny—poor, unfortunate boy! what will become of you? It would be better for us were we all dead."

Being physically incapable of enduring long exposure to the biting wind and cutting sleet, (which now, with merciless fury, swept up the street,) she arose, and with a staggering gait sought the friendly shelter of a doorway, and succeeded in finding one opposite to the prison-gate. An hour had passed away, and the wind had lulled into a calm, and the sleet had given way to a dull shower of rain; but that, too, had ceased, and a few bright sunbeams having struggled through the hazy atmosphere began to lend a charm to the hitherto cheerless morning. It was now nine o'clock, and several knots of persons had gathered near the prison-entrance, whilst, on the opposite side of the road, solitary individuals paced up and down the pavement, but occasionally halting and anxiously glancing across the road, when the little wicket of the prison-gate was opened, and some one or two fallen and unfortunate human beings passed out, once more to enjoy the pure atmosphere of liberty, to gaze on the forms and faces of beloved friends, or to receive the warm embrace of a parent or of some other dear relation.

Near another hour had sped away and the knots and stragglers, including those who had been lured to the spot by curiosity, had dispersed, and two persons only remained. Very near to the wicket stood a fashionably and warmly dressed woman, impatiently beating the ground with her foot, but now, as if her patience was exhausted, she tapped sharply at the wicket, which was opened immediately, but was abruptly closed again, upon which, she turned quickly away and began rapidly pacing backward and forward in front of the gate. At the far end of the avenue, and supporting herself against one of the prison abutments, stood the lonely woman whom we have briefly introduced to the reader. Again the wicket was opened, and two boys passed through, one a tall and decently clothed lad of about sixteen years old, the other a diminutive boy of about twelve. The elder boy was soon enfolded in the arms of an indulgent mother, who eagerly and fondly caressed that son, whom—with a weakness and imbecility, peculiar to many mothers, and fathers too—she had nursed and fostered in idleness, self-will, and petty deprecations, till, by being several times incarcerated in the metropolitan prisons, he became eligible for transportation. This boy and his mother went on their way without speaking to the poor lonely creature referred to, although it was evident that they were not strangers to each other. The little boy was "Tiny Baxter." He was shirtless and shoeless, and the numerous rents in his jacket and trousers bled welcome to the winter's blast which chill'd and benumb'd his slender frame. His bare feet, red as blood, sank ankle deep in the crisp snow, and with bare head and chattering teeth he doubled his cold hands under his armpits, and crouching down in the corner by the prison gate, wept, and in the depth of his little heart, wished that he could have stayed in that prison, from which, but a few weeks since, he had made a desperate attempt to escape. Poor Tiny was deliberating where to go, and what to do, when the pale-faced woman, who was his stepmother, accosted him, and stooping down took hold of the miserable child's hand; and when Tiny peered up in her face, and she looked intently on the changed and shivering outcast before her, she sank on her knees beside him and they wept together. As soon as the wretched woman could command her tears, she raised the shivering child from his crouching position, and said, as she did so, "Ah Tiny, I didn't think it would come to this, but what are you going to do?"

"I don't know," said Tiny.

"Well," said the woman, "Come home with me, my poor fellow."

"Home!" said Tiny, "Have you got a home?"

"Yes," she replied, but feeling overwhelmed with her own individual pain and misery, she drew Tiny's head to her bosom, and smoothing down his close cropped hair with her hands, wept long, silently, and copiously, in which Tiny joined her. She at length became aware that they were exposed to the gaze of several persons, and in a hurried tone said, "Come, come with me and share our home, your poor father is waiting to see you;" and they walked away through

the bye streets, and then down some steps into a well-known rookery in Clerkenwell.

The locality into which Tiny and his stepmother now entered, was one—and so long as such are allowed to exist, will detract much from the vaunted philanthropy of England,—in which "hulking unwashed men and women" congregated at all hours, and where the "Baser sort" of adults and juveniles of both sexes sought and found concealment from the pursuit of justice. Here too were heaps of garbage, flanked by muddy stagnant puddles, in which little children wallowed or luxuriated; and at day or night, when the fiend intemperance was allied to brutish ignorance, might be heard the low wail or the cloud-reaching scream of some spectre-like woman, writhing under heavy blows from the horny fist or nailed boot of a man, mingled with imprecations and curses loud, deep, and horrible. Here a crash of crockery, and there a window frame smashed out in the fearful attempt made to precipitate the weaker, but equally vicious, vessel into the street. Here too, were to be found hundreds of half-clad, shivering, mysterious-looking, but comparatively harmless "Italians" creeping out at early dawn, encumbered with a weighty crazy box of music, termed an organ, with a half-starved, frightened little imp of a monkey, cuddled up under the breast-part of a tattered upper garment, followed by limping bare-footed children with a porcupine, a guinea-pig, or a box of white mice. Here too, broad-faced fellows, fat and well clothed, sauntered out later in the day with a dancing bear, or a dromedary, with drum, gong, bells, and Pandean pipes, or with dancing dolls, dressed up baboons, dancing dogs, and tumbling monkeys; whilst an everlasting din was kept up by the tuning of organs, and the adding of gingles to tamborines. Here, too, the rooms were fitted up like small menageries, the floors but seldom swept, and quite innocent of washing with water, and every recess and closet transformed into bed-chambers for monkeys, porcupines, and guinea-pigs, all of which, including the tame and broken-spirited organ-bearers, who, when they returned home late at night with their sorry pittance, alike indulged in feeding and sleeping with the creatures who had been their companions through the day, in confusion delightful and in filth profound.

In this wretched locality Tiny was to find a home; and our two victims of transgression glided ghost-like along the main street, and turned up a court so narrow, that an individual claiming pretensions to portliness would have sufficed to exclude daylight at the entrance; whilst the houses at each side, on the attic story, seemed to be fast merging into an unsafe proximity.

They now entered the passage of a house, the street-door of which had years since been appropriated for fire-wood, and on reaching the top landing, the woman conducted Tiny into an attic, in which—an old box excepted—there was not another vestige of furniture. On that box, and setting before a few embers of fire, was Tiny's father, John Baxter. "John, dear," said the woman, addressing him, "didn't you think I stayed a good while?"

"Yes," replied John, without turning his head to the speaker. "Did you see my Tiny?"

"Yes," she replied, "don't you see him? here he is." Tiny approached him, and said, "Father," John turned his head towards him, and said, "Oh, that's Tiny, is it? Shouldn't a thought it; he's grown a fine fellow; and then he relapsed into silence.

Tiny looked inquiringly at his stepmother, and, glancing round the room, he sat down on the hearth, and tried to warm his fingers at the fire.

"We have been here about a month," said the woman; "we left the workhouse because your father seemed better. We had a little money from the Board, and bought a few things to make shift with. Old Mrs. Gammel learnt me to make bonnet-boxes; so I sat up at night to make them. Your father helped me the first week; then I walked about all the day long in the mud and cold, trying to sell them. But it's all no use; he's as bad as ever."

"Can't I help you," said Tiny, interrupting her.

"No, no," she replied, "I'm worn out with trying and illness together, and can't do it any longer. It's too late, now; I sold the bits of things one by one to feed your father, and yesterday I got an order for all of us to go into the workhouse to-night. I knew that your time would be up to-day, so I stowed a few little things in that box on which your father is sitting, to take with us; and I've got a shilling in my pocket, so I'll go and get a few coals and some food; I won't be long," and without waiting for any reply from Tiny, she set off on her errand.

Tiny was now alone with his father, and a fear stole over him; yet some irresistible feeling obliged him to go near to him, and to lay his hand upon his shoulder, and, looking in his face, said, "Father, don't you know me?"

"Well," said John, "I think I've seen you before; what's your name?"

"My name? why, Tiny, to be sure," replied the boy; "your Tiny, Tiny Baxter."

"I know better than that," said John; "for I saw my Tiny hung long ago, and the man that hung him gave me his body to bury, to save the country the expense of a coffin, and I made a box with these two hands, and I drilled it all over full of holes to admit the fresh air to his little body, and in a week's time he came to life again; but as soon as the man knew that, he took him from me, and hung him over again, and buried the body himself. So I'm sure you ain't my Tiny."

Tiny looked at his father with an expression of fear, and would have run down stairs, but John continued to stare at him so strangely and fixedly, that he feared to move, and his anxiety was only allayed on hearing some one ascending the stairs, and in another minute his stepmother entered the room. She noticed Tiny's frightened countenance, and rightly judged the cause, and well knowing how to manage the poor lunatic, she introduced a favourite topic, yielding to him in every matter, however delusive or extravagant, not once venturing to contradict him.

A cheerful fire soon blazed and crackled in the stove, and with the aid of a few articles borrowed from a neighbour, a meal was soon spread, the floor serving for both table and chairs. Various subjects were talked over to wile away the time, and as the appointed hour approached for admission into the workhouse, she sighed deeply, every sigh being echoed by Tiny. Not so with John, his reason was clouded, and the fanciful and fantastic objects which floated athwart his mental vision, found utterance and expression only in incoherent remarks and ludicrous, though painful gestures, whilst Tiny, who partook largely of melancholy, and which was added to by the misery which pervaded the place, and the distress of the two unhappy beings before him, sat on the hearth, speaking only when any subject touching his past career was referred to, and filling up the intervals by staring into the fire, and occasionally smiling as his volatile imagination conjured up numberless grotesque figures gamboling in the flickering flame before him.

"Bill don't seem to come," said the woman, now breaking the silence.

"What Bill?" asked Tiny.

"Why Bill Cotton," she replied, "He promised to come and see us before we started to night, and bring us a small collection from the shopmates who used to work with your father."

"That's Lizzy's father, ain't it?" asked Tiny, eagerly.

"Yes," replied the woman, "Lizzy's mother's been dead these seven years, and Bill Cotton got another wife, and she treated Lizzy so bad, that she ran away from home three years ago and went to live with her old grandmother. She's been in service ever since, and grows a fine girl, and a good girl too."

A tear glistened in Tiny's eye at this recital of Lizzy's troubles; he knew that she was a good girl, but, in vain, he tried to picture to his mind the "fine girl."

"Does Lizzy know that I've been in prison?" asked Tiny, with an enquiring look.

"Know!" replied the woman, "Know! I should think she did know, indeed, and so does everybody else. You seem to think a great deal about her knowing, and care but little, I suppose, about the disgrace you have brought on me and your father."

"I couldn't help it," said Tiny.

"You lie, sir," answered the woman, "It's all your fault that your father's so much worse, and it was on your account, too, that he bothered me to leave the Workhouse, just to have a home for you to come to, and understand, sir, that it's through your bad conduct that we've endured so many privations lately." This was all said in such a tone of asperity as threatened to bring about a serious quarrel, but it was put an end to by some one in the court calling out "Jack, Jack."

"That's Bill Cotton come at last, I suppose," said the woman, in an altered tone, and on going to the head of the staircase, she cried out "Is that you, Bill?" and on receiving a reply in the affirmative, she continued, "I'm glad you've come, but wait a minute till I show you a light," and taking an old blacking-bottle from the mantle-shelf, which served as a candlestick, and holding it so as throw the feeble light of a small candle down the dark staircase, she invited the man to walk up.

In a few seconds a tall, gaunt, and shabbily-attired individual walked into the room, prefacing his entrance with saying, "Well, how har yer, old gal?"

"Oh, queer enough, Bill, we're going off soon, you know."

"Yes, yes, so I have heard," said the man, and then addressing John, said, "How are yer by this time, Jack?"

John looked at the speaker, but gave no reply.

"Spouse," said Bill Cotton, "You've got that young humbug home, ain't yer."

"Yes," replied the woman, "There he sits."

But Tiny had buried his face between his knees.

"I've just been telling him that his conduct has brought things to a pretty pass."

"I should think so, too," chimed in the man, "and it ud do him good to give him a good thrashing or two, I'd split his ear and shove his toe through it, that's what I'd do."

"And how are you miss?" said the woman.

"Quite well, I thank you, mam," was the prompt reply.

And now Tiny became aware that Bill Cotton had not come alone, and feeling as if he was surrounded with enemies, he feared to look about him. Bill's companion—evidently by the voice—a female, was sent off for a pot of beer and clean pipes, and turning to the woman, Bill said, "Here's ten shillings from the shopmates, and, as it is a cold night, we can have a drop of summat short on the road."

In a few minutes the beer and pipes were brought, and soon Jack and Bill's heads were enveloped in a cloud of tobacco smoke, and a conversation was begun and carried on between Bill and the woman, concerning past times and future prospects.

Tiny still retained his corner, and was somewhat startled by a hand being gently laid on his head, and a soft sweet voice, close to his ear, said, "Won't you speak to me, Tiny?"

Tiny shrank into a still lower position; he knew it was Lizzy that had spoken to him, and she knew that he was a thief, and that he had been in prison. He felt ashamed, and he wept.

"Don't cry, Tiny," said Lizzy; "if you are a good boy God will love you; my mother has often told me that God would love good children."

"I ain't got nobody to love me," said Tiny, "and I'm going to the Workhouse to-night."

"What sort of a place is that?" asked the girl.

"I don't know," replied Tiny; "but I s'pose it's something like the prison, and they're very cruel there, they are."

"Never mind, brother Tiny," said the affectionate girl; "you'll be a man soon," and as she smoothed down his hair with one hand, she had unconsciously taken one of Tiny's with the other, and he, by this time, had ventured to look up into her face.

"I wish I was a man now," said Tiny.

Lizzy was now weeping; but such was the tenderness of this child's heart, that she would weep if she saw cruelty inflicted on one of the meanest of God's creatures.

"Who cut off your curls, Tiny?" asked Lizzy.

"Oh, a man in the prison," replied Tiny.

"Shame!" said the girl, "it makes you look so funny; but there, it will soon grow again. Won't you stand up? I think you are very tall."

Encouraged by gentleness and kindness, he placed himself entirely at her disposal, and as they measured each other's height, Tiny said, "Well, you are a fine girl, Lizzy; she said you was."

"Who said so?" asked Lizzy.

"Her," answered Tiny, pointing to his stepmother.

In about half-an-hour Lizzy had told Tiny all about her running away from home, and he, in return, had recounted to the wondering girl the almost incredible, and well-nigh successful attempt he had made to escape from the strong prison in Coldbath Fields.

"Dear me, Tiny!" exclaimed Lizzy; "you ain't got no shirt on; no, nor shoes on your feet. How shocking! and it snows, too: here, put this round you neck; no, never mind, I can put it on best," and as she spoke she removed a warm shawl from her shoulders, and unpinned a stout plaid kerchief from beneath it, and speedily transferred it to Tiny's neck. "There," she said, "that will keep you warm a little; but I ain't got any shoes for your feet, nor yet any money to buy a pair," searching, as she spoke, into the most remote corner of her pocket for all the stray pence, and which, when found and counted up, amounted to fivepence half-penny. These with her own hand she stowed away in his jacket-pocket, and by the time she had, with pins innumerable, secured a multitude of avenues in shape of holes and rents in Tiny's garments against the unwelcome intrusion of wind and snow, it had been decided by Bill Cotton that it was time to make a move toward their new home.

CHAPTER II.

THE DEPARTURE.

"Here I would fain break off and bury deep
In dark oblivion what remains untold."—J. LAWRENCE.

DURING the conversation between Bill Cotton and the woman, the fire had died out, and John Baxter, immovable as a statue, had remained sitting on the old box, puffing the white and curling wreaths of smoke up the chimney, whilst the hailstones pattered against the casement with such force as threatened to demolish the few remaining panes of glass, those already broken freely admitting the frozen particles of water, which bounded to the very feet of those who were preparing to leave their desolate abode, to exchange it for the measure of comfort anticipated by those who, through im-providence or misfortune, must become the inmates of the pauper's home.

"Sharp work, this, an' no mistake," said Bill; "and it'll find out what sort o' stuff yer made of. Now, young ruination," said he, to Tiny, "Take hold of this here box."

"I'll help Tiny to carry it a little way," said Lizzy.
"You'll help yerself off home, madam," said the man; "you've been here an hour, you have, and yer missis won't thank yer for staying like this, when yer go on errands, mind that, young lady."

At this sharp and uncalled-for reproof, Lizzy's face crimsoned from her chin to her temples; but suppressing her tears, she approached her father, and, holding out her hand to him, said, "Good-night."

"Good-night, good-night," said the man, "and you make haste home."

She wished Tiny's stepmother "good-night," but fear evidently restrained her from going too near to John; so she modestly said, "Good-night, sir," but received no reply; then, approaching the boy, she said, "Good-night, Tiny." The boy hung down his head, and said, "I don't s'pose I shall ever see you again, Lizzy."

The girl hesitated, and then slowly walked to the room-door, but turned back again and repeated the "good-bye" over again, gave another look at the miserable child whom she had called her brother, and, suddenly throwing her arms around his neck, she imprinted a sister's kiss on his pale cheek, and with a fervour of expression which spoke through both eye and heart, exclaimed, "God bless you, dear brother Tiny," and quickly releasing herself from the boy's embrace, fled precipitately down the rickety stairs.

Every action of the two children had been noticed by the woman, so she said, "That's a kind little girl of yours, Bill, and takes very much after her poor mother."

"Yes," he replied, "she's well enough in her way, only she's got so much of that cre snivelling nonsense about her; but come, Jack," said he, slapping him on the shoulders, "come, come on, old fellow, let's be off; the time's up, it's past eight."

John stood up, and suffered himself to be led by Bill down the stairs, followed by Tiny and his stepmother carrying the box, and the few articles she had borrowed. For about ten minutes the three stood waiting in the cold, wet, and wind, whilst the woman returned the borrowed articles and received the wishes of "Good luck and better times" from several gossiping neighbours.

Three months' imprisonment, with early hours to rest, warm clothing, and regular, though but a moderate supply of wholesome food, had had their combined salutary effects on Tiny, and this sudden transition from a (to him) comfortable home, to cold, wet, and scanty clothing, was misery, un-mixed with any consolatory hope for the future. The wind was biting cold, and with fitful gusts drifted the snow and sleet with unpleasant force into the faces of the pedestrians. But our four worthies walked leisurely enough along the Gray's Inn Road, occasionally dropping into a gin shop, as Bill said, with a knowing wink, "Get out of the rain, old gal, and have a vet." But on they went, and Tiny persevered through the blinding sleet in carrying the box upon his head which had been committed to his charge. It was nine o'clock when the party reached the Workhouse gate, and Bill Cotton, wishing the two better luck, left them at the gate of St. Pancras Workhouse.

At the time about which we write workhouses had their casual wards, in which nightly were received the homeless, such as the "cadger," the tramp, the street-singer, and others, to whom fortune had been unpropitious, and those who could not afford to pay for a lodging were admitted to the straw-room at night, and in the morning were turned out, again to resume their questionable occupations. A number of these "casuals" were huddled together near the gate, begging for admission; but our party pushed through the crowd, and the woman rang the bell. The gatekeeper, a portly individual, with a short, bull neck and a very red face, peeped through a small grating inserted in the door, and in a rough tone, (whether real or assumed is unimportant,) said, "What ther devil do you ring like that for? what do yer want?"

"We want to come in, if you please, Sir," said the woman.

"Got er order?" said the man.

"Yes," answered the woman.

"Give it here, then, an' wait a bit."

The man took the paper in his hand, and hobbled into his snug, warm room, and read it, and, finding it all right, (and yet resolving to appear somebody of importance, although but a pauper himself,) returned to the gate, and again looking through the grating, said, "Here, you! what's yer name?"

"Baxter, Sir," replied the woman.

"Yes, I know that, spooney; but what's yer Christian name, if yer happen to have one?"

"Sarah, Sir," she replied.

"Oh, ar, so I see; yes, that's right. Is that man your brother?"

"No, Sir; he's my husband."

"Well, an' what's his name; I s'pose he's got one."

"John Baxter, Sir."

"Well, an' that feller with that ere box—does he belong to the same breed?"

"Yes, Sir; his name's Tiny," answered the woman.

"Well, I didn't ask you what his name was. I s'pose it's all right; so come in."

The door was opened, and the three entered, and as the glare of the lamp fell upon John and his wife, the porter remarked, "Why you're the two crazy folks as went out a few weeks ago. I know'd you'd come back agin, giving the parish all the trouble you can; but you're jist the sort o' people as knows how to give 'em trouble, and never be satisfied neither. Here, Tom," said he, addressing a strong-looking youth, "take this here woman to Mother Walter's ward, and lug that ere box with you; then take this man to the infirmary, Tom, and put him in old Abel's Ward, and then, look here, Tom, give this young close-crop to old

"Soper," and tell him to give the boy a good mopping, and then send him to Adam's Ward, and set him to feather-picking; he'll soon put that joker through his pacings, I'll warrant." And away went Tom, followed by the three unfortunates.

(To be continued in our next.)

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Communism of Christianity. By Brother Paracletos. Published by authority of the Holy Communist Church. Keighley: D. W. Weatherhead.—This is a curiously interesting work, in favour, as its name imports, of the communistic principle as applied to religion. "Brother Paracletos" argues that "no church-principles that do not imply a communistic constitution and discipline, are sufficient to overcome the sins and evils of society; no other can deal with the increasing pauperism of the present worldly state, which is a fruitful hot-bed of crime, vice, suffering, and misery; no others have really the power altogether to rear up future generations for virtue and blessedness; none other, indeed, than a Communist Church can become truly and permanently the Church of the future, because by its institutions alone can the extremest evils of society be overcome." We are told that "Christ contemplated a reorganization of society, under the name of the kingdom of God, which re-organization he commenced amongst the poor *par excellence*; when directing the rich who desired to become his disciples to sell all that they had and give to the poor, he intended especially such distribution to be made among the poor of his kingdom, with whom the rich would by their renunciation of wealth thenceforth rank; and thus he not only directed the renunciation of private property, but also counselled, and was arranging for a community of future fate and fortunes, or, in other words, for a communion of love and life, alike in woe or in weal, in ill or in goods." The author's great stronghold of argument in favour of his theory, seems to be the statements in the "Acts of the Apostles," that the disciples "went up into an upper room, where abode Peter and James, and John and Andrew, Philip and Thomas, Bartholomew and Matthew, James, the son of Alphaeus, and Simon Zelotes, and Jude, the brother of James," which, he says, implies "the commencement of a voluntary communistic discipline among the chief persons of the Church;" and that "the multitude of them that believed were of one heart, and of one mind, neither said any that aught of the things which he possessed was his own, but they had all things in common," which things were sold, the price of them laid at the Apostle's feet, and "distribution made unto every man according as he had need." We are told, that "since the apostasy from the original communistic discipline of the Church, its early gifts have generally ceased, or only appeared at intervals;" and that, it being "in accordance with analogy to expect that with the restoration of the one, there would be a general return of the other, such an Agapemone, (the Holy Communist Church, as its members prefer to call it), has been established, "now exists actively, sprouts and grows, has the earnest of the Holy Spirit within it, knows itself thus to be the germ of a new and universal dispensation, and has received revelations directing its course, and arranging its organization." "Its young men," says this pamphlet, "dream dreams, and its maidens see visions, as was prophesied of the latter days of the present dispensation; and it has that clear light of illumination, and constituted inspired guidance, which preserve it from the false direction of evil spirits."

Communion with Ministering Spirits. A Discourse delivered on Sunday evening, April 25, 1858, by the immortal spirit of Capt. Hedley Vickers, and reported verbatim by Mr. W. Carpenter, Mesmerist and Spiritualist, Greenwich. London: W. Horsell.—This little publication is dedicated "to those who have faith in all the wonderful works of the Almighty God, hope in the brilliant prospects of a spiritual state of existence beyond the grave; and charity towards the convictions of their fellow men." This "Discourse," we are told, "is one of a great number which have been delivered by the holy spirits of God, through the bodily organs of one of his humble servants, as in times gone by. During the past twelve months nearly 150 holy spirits have spoken through the lips of a favoured 'medium,' with whom the writer has the privilege of being associated. The facilities for their doing so, through this 'medium,' are so great, that they have the power of manifesting themselves as when on earth, their voices and peculiarities possessing distinctive characteristics. This extraordinary fact occurs in consequence of these holy spirits having the power, so readily, to withdraw the 'medium's' own spirit from her body, and of taking her to share a portion of their spiritual enjoyments, while others of their number take possession of her body and speak through her lips. Moreover, in the spiritual trances into which this 'medium' is thrown by spirit agency, she sees the spirit-friends who visit us, and holds conversation with them for any length of time that they may think fit to gratify her with the power which they impart to enable her to 'discern' them. The world cannot remain in ignorance of the fact that some of the inhabitants of the spirit-land are ever around us, and that they watch over us and influence us. Thousands of individuals across the Atlantic are 'asking' and 'receiving' intelligence from these heaven-sent messengers, by means of alphabetical signals, and also by the hands of the 'mediums' being influenced to write, or their vocal organs to speak; but in the case which has just been mentioned, these holy messengers of peace and love are permitted to possess the 'medium's' body, for the time being, and to speak to us in their own voices." The "Discourse" is prefixed and supplemented by prayers, and is of a very practical and expository character, somewhat in the style of the sermons of the early Methodist revivalist preachers.

The Temperance Star. Part 10. London: W. Horsell. This is the organ of the Teetotal community. It is published weekly at one half-penny, contains expositions of their distinguishing principle and practice, and is an interesting record of doings and sayings in connexion with the anti-liquor movement. It seems to be more thorough and "whole-hog" than even some Temperance men are, inasmuch as, while they place on their "pledges" certain exceptions, it denounces root and branch the use of alcoholics even medicinally, expresses itself in favour of unfermented wine, or the ex-pressed juice of the grape, alone, being used at the sacramental table, and advocates a law which shall sweep away the very facilities of obtaining intoxicating drink afforded by the traffic therein. Temperance men do less than their whole duty if they do not regularly subscribe to the *Temperance Star*; and it might be made very useful in the way of converting non-Teetotalers, if it were largely purchased for gratuitous distribution.

RECEIVED:—"Poems," by William Tidd Matson. Groombridge & Sons, Paternoster Row.—"Investigations into the Primary Laws which determine and regulate Health and Disease." By Jacob Dixon. Piper & Co.—"Spiritual Telegraph, (British)." Second vol. Edited by B. Morrell. W. Horsell, 13, Paternoster Row.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS' INQUIRY COLUMN.

[This department of the *Two Worlds* will by no means be the least interesting or instructive. The want of a medium of intercommunication and inquiry has long been felt, by readers of public journals; and an admirable means of promoting human weal, of furthering ameliorative movements, and of satisfying the thirst for knowledge which characterises Man as a being of mind and of progress, has, by the omission of Editors, been sadly neglected. To supply this desideratum, is our object in opening such a column. Our correspondents, however, in their inquiries, suggestions, and statements, should write briefly, definitely, and legibly. As a Yankee Editor suggests, "Condense, gentlemen, condense. Put an idea into a paragraph, a paragraph into a few words. Readers prefer short articles; they want grain, not chaff,—the clean, winnowed grain. Writers should 'cut down,' and re-write, leaving nothing for the Editor to do but examine and decide upon the variety of the thoughts and ideas presented. We can give all a hearing, if writers confine themselves to the 'ten minutes' rule.'"—Ed. W. T.]

O.N.—If a man for the sake of gain, or following a favourite pursuit, takes less sleep than his constitution requires, and he must know the amount best himself, he is "killing his goose for the sake of her eggs."

J.G. (St. Leonard's) suggests:—"We want a Medical Liberty League."

BETA.—Vegetable diet is the best for some constitutions, and, from what you say, is the best for yours. Trial will tell.

Q.—Do not ridicule a thing because you do not happen to understand it. Your own ignorance may be the only ridiculous thing, after all.

J.A.—Duties and occupations are accommodated to capacities according to the nature of their minds or tastes; order is thus maintained in the economy of the Almighty's work: if it were not so, there would be perpetual disorder everywhere.

J.S.—Man has to advance to his Maker not only by prayer but by work and study. Man must effect, as far as in him lies, his own development or advancement by a diligent cultivation of his own endowments and acquisitions.

B.—Every man writes his own history. Cultivate self-reliance under God.

W. D. M.—Shakspeare's belief in spirits communicating with mortals, prophetic dreams subsequently realised, &c., are interesting topics of thought to those who may be cognisant of the facts of the modern manifestations, to others they are of doubtful acceptance, like songs without words. W. D. M.'s speculations, which, indeed, are beautiful, and to be admired, are not admissible into our columns. We propose to admit nothing but facts of "manifestations," vouched by the narrators, and deductions strictly warrantable from such facts. Speculations upon the subject are, perhaps, admissible into the pages of the *British Spiritual Telegraph*, which takes more advanced ground.

OUGHT WOMEN TO SPEAK ON PUBLIC PLATFORMS?

To the EDITOR of the TWO WORLDS.

SIR.—Having understood that the columns of your new journal would be opened for the asking of a reasonable opinion upon any important subject, I respectfully submit the above. For my own part I am almost inclined to think that there are better spheres of labour for woman's influence than the public assembly room; however, I shall be pleased to hear any contrary opinion upon the subject. Are not home duties often neglected and the teachings of wife, and mother, and friend forgotten? Do not actions speak louder than words? Are we in want of more talkers? The age demands thinkers. We want more work, real earnest-loving work, and less tenth-rate oratory. The mother's or the woman's teachings will live when "female advocacy" is forgotten, at least so I think, but I am willing to be enlightened.

Believe me, yours,
JOHN DE FRAINÉ.

Eden House, Shenton Street,
Old Kent Road.

New Material for Paper.—Another new material for paper has been discovered in a preparation of the remains of the beet root after it has been used in sugar-making and distillation. The process of preparation has been patented. It is said to be twenty per cent. cheaper than any other paper. The beet root is very extensively used in France and Germany for sugar-making; and the remains, which are needed for this purpose, can be readily obtained in great abundance there. It is said also that the cartridges made at Woolwich for the British Government are now made of this material with great advantage.

NOTES OF A FORTNIGHT'S TOUR IN
NORMANDY.

(IN LETTERS TO A FRIEND.)

September, 1858.

MY DEAR R.—As you could not accompany me in the trip to Normandy from which I have just returned; and, as I am equally unable to accept your kind invitation to East Anglia, I send you a short account of our doings and doings, in order to place you as well as I can *en rapport* with us in our travels. I speak in the plural number, as one of a party of seven. "Seven poor Travellers,"—though not the very identical seven of Mr. Dickens's story. You will please to bear in mind, that I profess only to record my impressions of what I have seen. I am not so conceited as to vouch for their accuracy in every particular, though I have sought to receive and record them as accurately as possible; but doubtless a longer and better acquaintance with the character and language of the people, and with the topics incidentally spoken of, would modify my judgment considerably. Still, a record of first impressions cannot be without its use.

Armed with a document, signed *MALMESBURY*, which said document requested and required "in the name of Her Majesty," all those whom it might concern, to allow Mr. Titus Salt (British subject) "to pass freely without let or hindrance, and to afford him every assistance and protection of which he might stand in need;" and which document was furnished me at the small charge of six and three-pence, I set out on Monday, September the 6th, from Southampton for Havre. I will not dwell on the pleasures of the passage, as they did not materially differ from those usually experienced by landmen on

"The blue, the fresh, the ever free."

The "Voices of the Night," on board the packet, were certainly not very redolent of poetry. Tennyson sings—

"God bless the narrow seas,
I wish they were a whole Atlantic broad."

I confess, however, that even had they been somewhat narrower than they are, I could for the occasion have been well content. At length, like all pleasant things, our voyage came to an end. We landed, and the foreign costume of the officers who inspected our knapsacks, the blue blouses of the workmen, the strange language of the people, and the different aspect of the streets, assured me that for the first time in my life I was no longer on British soil.

Havre, to me, had the appearance of a very old town, rather going to the bad. Out of the principal streets, many of the houses and streets had a desolate, "deserted village" kind of look, as if the tenants had all bolted without paying rent, and the landlords very naturally left the houses to mind their own business, presenting a striking contrast to the thriving town we had just left on the opposite coast. The houses are generally higher than in a corresponding English town; some of them are very ancient. The streets are narrow; those of a second and third rate character are unpaved, and particularly dirty, with a foul kennel running, or more generally stagnating, through the middle of the street. I subsequently found that Havre does not differ much in this respect from most other towns in Normandy. Havre has a rather fine church, and a good market, especially for fruit, which we found good and cheap.

Our party separated at Havre into two parties, agreeing to meet at Rouen by different routes. Myself and two companions went by rail to Yvetot. Several Sisters of Mercy rode in the same carriage with us, apparently absorbed in their devotions; one, however, soon fell asleep over her beads, and there was something amusing in her look of vexation on making the discovery, and having to commence the process of counting over again. From Yvetot we had a delightful walk to Caudebec, a distance of about nine miles. Our road lay through the woods bordering the Seine, the scenery as we went along in some parts very much resembling that of the Highlands. There were plenty of apple-trees on either side of us, though they were not of first-rate quality; but the trees were chiefly beech and dwarf-oak, and were full of leaf, while the grass was of a rich deep green, altogether giving the country the look of early summer.

We found Caudebec a small, pleasant village, and the Hotel de Rouen, as its landlord told us, *bien ancienne*. The landlord was a jolly old cove, who took considerable pains to improve our acquaintance with the French language; and was assisted herein by his daughter, a lovely and lively damsel, who appeared to make a very decided impression on the heart of a susceptible Scotchman of our party. They improved in understanding each other's language very rapidly; and apparently very much to their mutual satisfaction. For myself, not having had the fraction of a wink the previous night, I left my friend to improve his opportunities, and paid my devotions to the drowsy god, and was thus not able to participate in those French lessons by which he was so largely benefiting. I had previously made an abortive attempt to get tea; but instead got only a fluid resembling very weak gruel; a table-spoon in the saucer further strengthened the gruel idea; but my companions, after tasting, and deliberating, came to the conclusion that the liquid (I cannot call it a beverage) had a flavour of tea in it; so I gave up the point, reserving my private misgivings, nevertheless. In the morning, wiser grown, I conformed to the usage of the country by taking *café au lait*, or rather *lait au café*, for the hot milk certainly predominated. It was, however, capital stuff, both here and at other places, and is taken (when well shaken,) like the tea-gruel, with a table-spoon. Beside the *café au lait*, our *dejeuner* consisted of fried potatoes, with pieces of meat and gravy, then haricots beans, then cold fowl, and a dessert. No meal in France is thought complete without a dessert, though the dessert may consist of only a pear or a few grapes. Cider, or *vin ordinaire*, is also usually placed upon the table. I, at different times, made an experiment on both, but one dose sufficed to send me back gratefully to my old beverage, Adam's ale, "warranted genuine and no adulteration." It astonished me to see the quantity of this same sour stuff (cider) which the Normans put away at every meal, without making wry faces at it. There are, however, some very capital syrups to be had; syrup of grouselets in particular, when sufficiently diluted, is a sweet, cool, refreshing drink, very palatable to thirsty Teetotalers. Our tea, bed, and breakfast, here, came to fourteen francs the three. In the morning, before I was aware of it, my companions had gone out to see the tide come up. They described it as coming up very rapidly, in great waves, causing a boat near the shore to toss violently.

From Caudebec we took the steamer to Rouen. There was very little traffic on the river, which seemed to me here very shallow, and not looking so clear as I had been led to expect. The scenery along the banks is said very much to resemble that of the Rhine in miniature. The chalk quarries, the small houses built on the chalk banks, and the larger houses

on the top, with gable roofs, the elms and poplars casting their shadows on the river, and the miniature islands, dotted here and there, as we passed along; certainly looked very pretty and picturesque.

We spent two days at Rouen, visiting its cathedral, churches, and other public buildings, monuments, and works of art. The cathedral, in particular, is a magnificent specimen of Norman-Gothic. Some of the figures in the north-west front are sadly mutilated, but the careful pointing and filling-up of the stone panels with scenes from Scripture-history, &c., and the elaborate ornamentation of every inch of surface, fill one with amazement. We were, however, somewhat disappointed with the interior, which, though it displays some fine pointing, and some good paintings, by no means corresponds with the magnificence of the exterior. When we went service was being performed; the chanting was excellent, and one of the voices was, I think, the finest bass I ever heard. The two towers of the cathedral command a view of the cathedral and of the town—one is called the butter tower, from its having been built with the proceeds of the *octroi* on butter. It costs, however, three francs to make the ascent of this tower, two francs of which we were given to understand are an ecclesiastical perquisite. A guide will take you up the other tower for one franc. At the end of the Quai Napoleon is Mount St. Catherine, an escaped chalk hill, nearly four hundred feet high, from which we had a fine panoramic view of the town and river, with the adjacent villages; while the noise of falling hammers, and other sounds of industry, betokened the activity that was going on below and around us. Very little now remains of the ruins of the old fortress that once stood here. At the request of the citizens, it was dismantled by Henri the Fourth, with the memorable saying, "that he desired no fortress but the hearts of his subjects." Rouen is evidently a focus of trade, while, from the number of *cafés*, and places for the sale of *vin* and *eau-de-vie*, it is pretty clear that the people are not much behind ourselves in the accomplishments of eating and drinking, though drunkenness is a vice which, to the honour of Frenchmen, be it said, they appear to be almost strangers.

Rouen is a glorious place for an artist, and is enriched with historical associations. It is full of splendid specimens of mediæval architecture; its houses, mostly of from four to six stories, gable-roofed, timber-fronted, and painted white, are so many pictures; almost every one might furnish a sketch; while the *magasins* and *entrepôts*, with their gay colours and gilding, and the front balconies, overhanging many of the shops, and filled with flowers, give the streets quite a brave, holiday appearance. The boulevards cool and shady from the tall trees planted on either side, and with seats ranged along, form a pleasant promenade; and made me wish that the banks of the Thames, when the river is purified, might be converted to a similar purpose. It would be a great boon, especially to our poorer citizens who have no country residence, and are too distant from the parks, or any large open space where they might take a little out-door exercise, and breathe a little purer air. Our dinners here, (three courses and dessert) cost one franc and a half, which was the average cost of our Normandy dinners; we found lodgings, however, dearer here than anywhere else in France, Paris not excepted.

On the bridge of Rouen there is a fine statue of Pierre Cornille, (native of the town) erected by subscription, 1834. The statues we saw were generally well executed, and so placed as to be easily seen by all, and with a distinctive look about each of them, which is more than can be said of those in London. The *worst* statue we saw in Rouen is that of Joan of Arc, placed over a pump in the market-place, (Place de la Pucelle) said to be on the spot where her martyrdom occurred. Some of the houses in the market-place present a pictorial appearance, from the singular way in which the windows in their roofs rise one above another. Near the market-place, in a court-yard, is the Hotel de Bourg, on the front of which is some exquisite carving, representing the meeting of the kings on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and other historical subjects; the work is much decayed, but many of the figures still stand out clear and sharp. One of the attractions of Rouen that we visited, is the Museum of Antiquities, (formerly a convent.) The building has some choice stained and painted windows, and beside the usual antiques, medals, vases, &c., we were shown the dust of the heart of Richard Cœur de Lion, taken from his tomb, and preserved here in a small glass case; and an original charter of William of Normandy, with his sign manual affixed.

The sunset we saw from the Bridge of Rouen I shall never forget; the colours in the sky were the most gorgeous I ever beheld. Blue, green, purple, crimson, and gold, with clouds like rolled up masses of smoke and fire, while in the east, the sky was of a dull red melting into grey. The lights and colours all around were changing every instant, and this, all reflected in the sparkling waters of the Seine, had a magnificence which put all the wonders of art we had witnessed into the shade. "It beats Turner," said my artist-friend in his intense admiration, that being the most superlative phrase he could command to express his enthusiastic enjoyment of the scene. Some of the colours in the sky strongly reminded me of those in Hunt's picture of "The Scapegoat."

Leaving Rouen by diligence, we had a delightful country ride in the cool of the evening. Along the first part of the road there were no hedges, but trees were planted by the banks, and spiders' webs were hanging from almost every leaf. We rode on past picturesque houses, and scattered villages, and thick plantations of trees, till we came to Eilbeuf, a dirty, busy, populous town; the chief *vue* very much resembling Whitecross Street. The principal branch of industry here is cloth manufacture. Thence to Bernay, letting down the window blinds, as night closed around us, and getting into social chat with the guard, who we found had once been fifteen days in London. He seemed not a little proud of the few English words he had picked up, and of the places in and about London that he had seen, though he was clearly more familiar with the neighbourhood of Leicester Square than with any other London locality. And so we jabbered French and English for some time, then one of our party sang "The blue bells of Scotland," then the guard sang *Un petit chanson*, then an English song, and again *Un petit chanson*. Suddenly a cry of "The comet!" A thrusting out of heads, a straining of eyes, a quick closing of the blinds as we felt the chill night air; and so on and on, through darkness, drowsiness, jolting, lumbering of the wheels, and cracking of the driver's whip, with a *jubbar jubba* from the driver, and an occasional cry from the guard, which Albert Smith may imitate, but which I can only describe as a sort of cross between a *gee up* and a *whoop de doo*. From Bernay by rail to Mezidon, and from Mezidon to Falaise by omnibus at midnight, concluded our day's journey, and must conclude my letter for the present. I will write again next week.

Yours ever truly,
T. S.

ST. MARY REDCLIFFE, BRISTOL.

THIS church had formerly what is called, in the language of art, an "Easter recess," which was used in the Roman Catholic Church for the commemoration of Christ's entombment and resurrection, and among the records of the church are the following entries bearing reference thereto:

"Item.—That Maister Canynge hath delivered, the 4th, day of July, in the year of our Lord 1470, to Maister Nicholas Petters, Vicar of St. Mary's, Redcliffe; Moses Conterin, Philip Bartholomew, Procurators [proctors] of St. M. R. aforesaid, a new sepulchre, well guilt with gold, and a civer thereto.

"Item.—An image of God Almighty rising out of the same sepulchre, with all the ordonnance that 'longeth thereto—that is to say, a lathe made of timber, and the ironwork thereto.

"Item.—Thereto 'longeth heaven, made of timber and stained clothes.

"Item.—Hell, made of timber and ironwork thereto, with divils to the number of 13.

"Item.—Four knights, armed, keeping the sepulchre, with their weapons in their hands—that is to say, two axes and two spears, with two paves [paves or pavois, was a kind of large shield].

"Item.—Four payr of wings for 4 angels, made of timber, and well painted."

"In 1842" writes the late John Britton, "I had the opportunity of observing the appearance and effects of a violent thunderstorm in this edifice. Never did I witness a scene so truly sublime. It reminded me of necromancy and enchanted places. Busily and intently engaged alone in surveying this large church, deciphering the old inscriptions and examining the monuments, an almost sudden darkness came on; the distant pictures and columns became scarcely perceptible; the rain, accompanied with large hailstones fell in torrents on the leaden roof, and the glass of the windows seemed in imminent danger of being shivered to atoms. A heavy cloud appeared to be suspended immediately over the church; and discharged from its swollen bosom an accumulation of water, hail, lightning, thunder, and wind. In any situation such a storm must have been terrible, but situated as I was in the midst of this church, impressed with a recollection of the destroyed spire, enveloped in gloom, and surrounded by knights in armour, monkish effigies, and other images of deceased persons, the effect was truly sublime and awful. At one moment the whole space was, as Milton terms it, 'darkness visible,' when the next instant the vivid lightning blazed through the long aisles, and illuminated every object—it glanced on the clustered column, played round the brazen eagle, flashed on the supplicating statues, and alternate gloom and dazzling glare pervaded the church, and almost incessant peals of thunder continued to accompany the reiterated flashes of lightning; it now seemed exhausted, but only to come on with additional fury of sound and more awful crashes. Though so truly terrific, I own that it excited more of admiration than fear, for my whole faculties were absorbed and seemingly entranced in contemplating the varied, brilliant, and powerful effects of the scene."

The church of St. Mary Redcliffe, received its latter name from being founded literally upon a rock of red sandstone. The first building was commenced by Simon de Burton, six times Mayor of Bristol, and was many years in progress, for it was not finished till 1376. Seventy years after, at St. Paul's tide, during a terrible storm, its lofty spire, 250 feet in height, was overturned, and falling on part of the roof, occasioned much damage. The spire was never rebuilt, and remains as it is to-day. The church, however, was thoroughly repaired by Master William Canynge, and again consecrated to the service of the Roman Catholic faith. The details of the ceremonial observed on this occasion were prettily versified by Chatterton in quaint English, and by him ascribed to the monk Rowley. They are as follows:

"Some as the bryght sonne along the skynne
Had sent hys ruddie lyghte,
And faxes hys yune oslyppe + cups,
Tylle wrysh'd approach of nyghte,
The mattyn belle, wyth shrillie sound,
Reekode + throwe the ayre,

"A troop of holie freeres dyd
For Jesus masse prepare;
Around the highe unseaynted chyrche,
With holie relyques went,
And every doore and post about,
With godlie things besprent."

* Sky. + Cowslips. † Re-echoed. ‡ Sprinkled.

When the gorgeous ceremonial was ended, we are told how

"Alle dyd goe to Canynge's house,
An entruide to playe;
And dwynk hys wyne and ale so good,
And pray for hym for aye."

The church afterwards became an object of almost universal admiration.

Alcohol for Tuberculosis.—Well, if reforms never go backward, some things seem determined never to go forward; and this is emphatically the case with the popular system of drug-medication. Now that alcohol, as a rank poison to every living thing, is likely to be driven, sooner or later, from among the beverages of mankind, it is quite as likely to take refuge, at least for a while, with the medical profession, as a cure-all for consumption. The profession has so many ways of curing, or rather doctoring, this disease, albeit every one of their patients die; that a little liquor superadded to the list, cannot make matters much worse. It cannot do more than kill; and the patient is sure to die without it—ergo, it is a first-rate "remedy." Several medical writers in the Boston and Buffalo Medical Journals have lately testified their "high appreciation" of this medicine; and, lastly, says a contemporary: "The editor of the *Buffalo Medical Journal* calls attention to the change which has of late taken place in the treatment of phthisis, and bears testimony to the beneficial effects of alcoholic liquors, in moderate doses, combined with a nourishing diet, and active, and even violent, exercise in the open air." Does anyone suspect that good diet and exercise in the open air would be better without the liquor than with it? If he does, he is not "regular" in his opinions.—*Water-Cure Journal*.

The Queen and the Liquor Traffic.—The Rev. A. Wallace said, at a recent meeting of the Scottish League, that in looking over a list of expenses incurred for repairs recently finished at Holyrood Palace, he found the following item:—"For erecting masonry wall between the palace and the brewery, £67 10s." and he added, The Queen was right in building out the liquor traffic from the palace. We wish to build out the liquor traffic, too, from our houses and our cities, and moral suasion and legal enactments are both required to raise a wall of safety between domestic and public interests and the spirit trade.

ANTHONY SCARD, the Star Boot Maker,
8, BOW-LANE, Cheapside, London, E.C., solicits
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LONDON

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A Register for the unemployed members of the Temperance
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